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- Friday.** The study hour is devoted to the preparation of surgical supplies in the Surgical Out-Patient Department. The recitation hour is spent in hearing the lecture given to the pupil nurses.
- Saturday.** The probationers have the afternoon for recreation. In addition, they have an hour each day and four hours on Sunday.

At the end of three months, each member of the class must pass an examination in the above subjects including practical nursing, and an estimate is made of her standing in general fitness in practical work, health and deportment. The students are required to attain at least seventy per cent. in their ranking.

TOTAL HOURS OF STUDY AND WARD WORK IN THE THREE MONTHS' PROBATION

Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene	66 hours.
Practical Nursing and Practice Room Work.....	126 hours.
Materia Medica and Nursing Ethics.....	24 hours.
Lectures	12 hours.
Ward Work	481 hours.

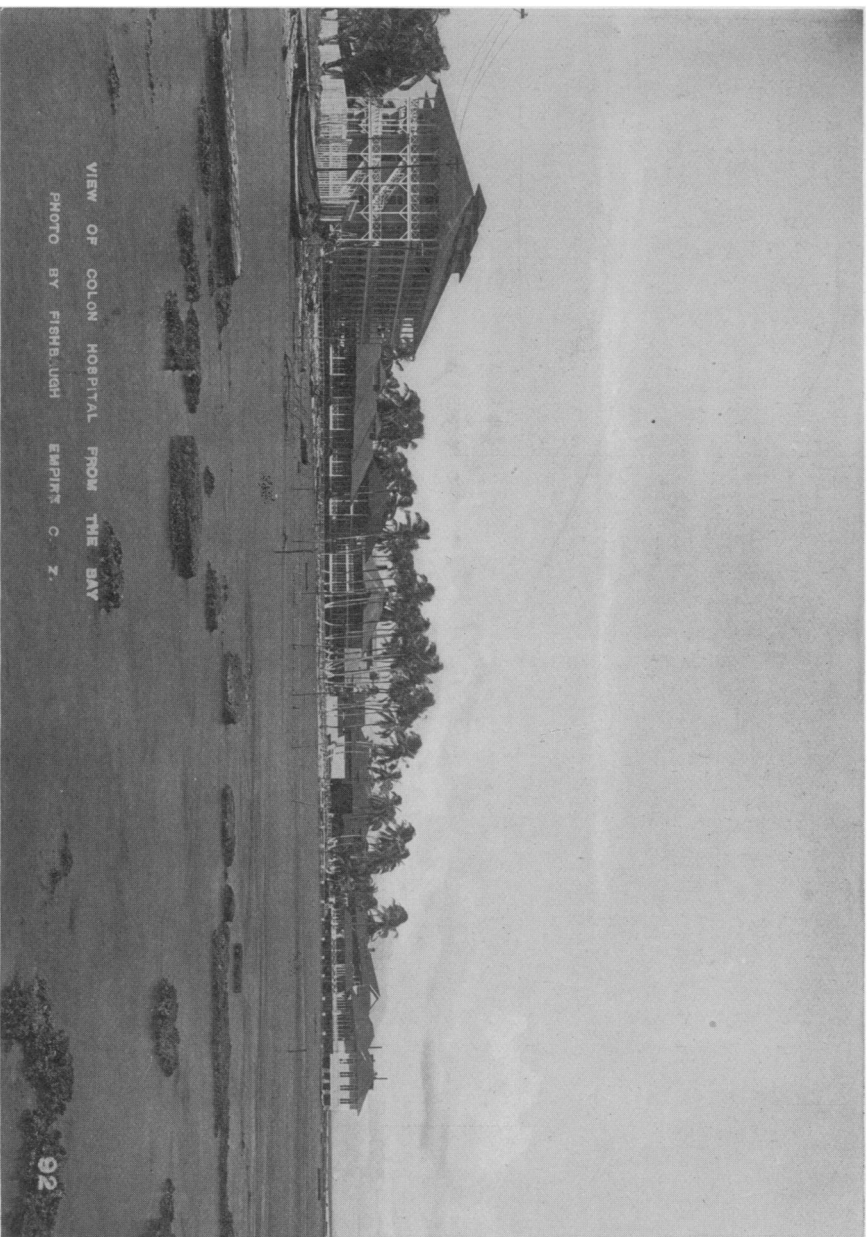
The accompanying illustrations of Colon and Cristobal hospitals, are part of those sent to the JOURNAL by Miss Furber, one of the nurses in the Canal Zone, which were referred to editorially in the June magazine. Figure 1 gives a general view of Colon Hospital from the bay, showing the administrative quarters and the operating and dressing rooms, the wards of the hospital seem to extend in from these two pavilions.

NURSING IN MISSION STATIONS

A letter written to the JOURNAL by Miss Caroline E. Maddock, a graduate of the Illinois Training-school, now doing missionary nursing at Wuhu, China, makes an excellent beginning for this winter's news from the foreign fields.

"I fear that the care the sick Chinaman receives (at native hands) can not be dignified by the term of nursing. Everywhere one gets the impression of awfully uncared-for bodies as well as souls. I do not think the Chinese are as dirty, generally, as some other peoples. Laws regulate the matter of untidy hair among the men so that a frequent visit to the barber is almost a necessity among the common people. The bound feet of the women also require bathing. But happily in the neighborhood of Wuhu the peasant women do not generally bind their feet, though we have many ulcers to treat caused by this evil. For headache, abdominal cramps, and rheumatic pains, the people practice counter-irritation. The effect is produced by pinching the skin until a sufficient

FIG. 1.



VIEW OF COLON HOSPITAL FROM THE BAY

PHOTO BY FISHBROUGH EMPIRE C. Z.

Nurses' Home

Home of Physician and Superintendent of Hospital.

Operating Room.

FIG. 2.



Ward in Colon Hospital.

FIG. 8.



Nurses' Home.

Physician's Quarters.

Superintendent's House.

FIG. 4.



Wards A and B, E and C. Club House.

hyperemia is present. Cuts and ulcers come in bound up with tobacco leaves. A cheap brown absorbent variety of paper is used for the same purpose, or wherever any discharge needs cover. Many foreign hospitals have adapted this to their own use. Dr. Reifsnyder, of Shanghai, uses it altogether in her obstetrical work as pads and draw sheets.

Repair and new building has occupied our attention largely this year. Many times I have turned with gratitude to the last year's work in sanitary methods at the Illinois Training School. In China one has to be architect and builder as well as nurse. The Chinese believe bad spirits travel in straight lines. Consequently if one wants to build a smoke stack, it requires hourly climbing of a ladder while the flue is under construction to insure a good draft. For the chimney on native models always has many and devious turns in it.

One needs to know the proper fall for drains, the amount of slackening lime requires, the correct way to lay bricks and many other bits of information, for here every little detail comes under one's personal care. In missionary hospitals, as far as I have heard, the training of nurses has largely to be done by doctors. And while some institutions have some very capable workers, the majority can only be classed as attendants.

At Wuhu I faced the problem of a general hospital which had never had nurse oversight. As both sexes were accommodated in one building, I was for a time perplexed over the wisdom of overstepping native prejudice and taking women to train. After a year's consideration I concluded it was indiscreet unless I could find some widows. As educated young widows are not frequently free, I had practically to abandon the idea until I can have a separate women's building. Our hospital being located on the banks of the Yangste, boats can stop at the hill and easily carry patients on stretchers to our doors. As there is no other hospital service so accessible for six hundred miles we are never without foreign patients. In the last year we have had twenty-six such cases. They make excellent training for my Chinese—as the real Chinaman has yet to be educated to accept all the tender ministries nursing offers him. Failing for the time in training women, and as the greater part of our in-patients are men, I have thrown my heart into making a real *trained* worker of the Chinaman. He is peculiarly adapted for such service, being much more deft and careful in many ways than his American cousin. At first I attempted to take school-trained men, but, after a year's trial I had to abandon it. A Chinese man who has been in college is spoiled for manual labor. He is taught in the Chinese classics to think it degrading to use his hands. His idea of a scholar

is one who never hurries, and walks with eyes on ground in a meditative mood. I have waited for such a one to give hypodermic medication to a patient in collapse on the operating table. His sleeves are long to cover his finger tips—his nails are long—his gowns are long to his heels. If he can afford it the gowns are of gorgeous brocaded satins or silks.

I took a poor little farmer boy to train. He seemed bright and stood straight. I sent him to school at my own expense for a year, thinking it would teach him how to study. After that he could work and study in the hospital. He came home on vacation. Behold the little lad was no longer a son of toil but a student. I told the man who had charge of the work in the operating room to keep him busy. On going there later I found the ragged little urchin of the year before had donned his one long gown with sleeves over finger-tips. In his right hand he held a small scrubbing brush with which he was dabbing at a pile of soiled solution basins in the sink. In his left hand he languidly waved a feather-tipped fan. And I gazed and groaned as I wondered how I ever could compete with Confucius who had been here so many centuries ahead of me. The same principle is carried into every line of work I have asked a school student to do. So after battling for twelve months with the Chinese gentleman nurse, I heaved a sigh of relief when the entire body (with the exception of one man who started as a coolie but now is a perfect treasure with foreigners and Chinese) waited upon me, and asked to resign. Their idea was to study medicine, as that was more in keeping with their dignity than the drudgery of their present position.

Despite the fact that I had four very sick foreign patients beside all the regular work of the hospital, it was a satisfaction to face a new régime. Now I have found five young boys about sixteen—strong, white-teethed, unschooled. Their parents contract to leave them with me for five or six years. They study Chinese and English each day, also wash floors, beds, windows, beginning at the foundation of good nursing. At the County I never had any faith in taking a woman past the probation month who could not wash diet cups clean. As the man in China is the cook, these boys are easily learning to be excellent diet nurses. They also answer bells, paying such little attentions as a probationer at home, and in spare moments make surgical supplies. I plan to carry them through a regular course of study: simple chemistry, English, arithmetic, anatomy and physiology, and nursing. I have had occasion to take one across my knee, borrowing one of his slippers to apply, but this is all included in the prescribed course as understood by the parents.

My one man who deserves the name of nurse has developed wonderful skill. I believe he could fill the exacting demands of the "Third Floor Pres." I can leave the baths of very ill pneumonia or typhoid patients to him. He has learned what to expect and how to treat the different conditions. Can quickly detect changes, gives a beautiful anesthetic and is most conscientious in his operating-room technique. All of this in a year is to me most encouraging.

But my chief hope lies with the boys. China is fast reorganizing her army and navy. And following Japan's example, she will lay great stress on the medical department. Perhaps by relinquishing my fondly-cherished plans for training women for the present, and by putting all my time into my boys' training, I can do more toward helping the new China into Christian civilization than I could otherwise.

My aim is always that my workers shall not only carry the message of healing, but the message of "Peace on Earth" as well. I hope some day that the resources of the hospital will admit of a foreign teacher to devote her whole time to theoretical training. I am devoutly thankful that my sense of humor is daily increasing, for it is a saving factor out here. To watch the perplexity of a Chinaman, who in painting a floor has cornered himself in the part of the room furthest from the door, is comical. To find the contractor has finished the roof of the kitchen before he has built the chimney is ludicrous. When you remonstrate he defends himself by saying that when you drew the outline of the range with lime on the kitchen floor you only gave the height of stove and size and shape of flue. That he saw fit to stop construction half way between floor and ceiling was your fault in not stating that the chimney was to extend outside. However, he smilingly assures you that for ten dollars more he will consider opening the roof and carrying the exit for the smoke outside. These are only two of a hundred equally trying incidents of the past year. But with all the mistakes and lack of imagination one takes faith and hope for a new future.

In China as well as elsewhere

Day's at the morn,
God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

From several other publications we take extracts of interest which picture the conditions under which nurses work in distant lands.

1. From *The British Journal of Nursing*.

"The next patient was seen under more favorable circumstances. He came with a crowd of others to the mission station, and explained

at great length that he had a pain in his chest, and that a scorpion was wandering about his inside. The missionary applied his stethoscope to various parts of his shining black skin, and the man said 'ninety-nine' and 'nine hundred and ninety-nine' in the most approved style. I tried to take his temperature, but he objected, and thought the clinical thermometer would bewitch him. We had a consultation, when one suggested mag. sulph. and another menth. pip., then we decided to give him both. As bottles were scarce, and he had not brought a receptacle for medicine, we tried to persuade him to have the dose at once. The morning was half gone before we understood that his chief wife in a kraal six miles away was the patient, and that he had been describing her symptoms. Then we amateur medicos looked at each other and laughed.

"A man came with a cough, and a boy with a poisoned foot. The abscess was opened on the doorstep. We went in for open-air treatment fully there. The boy made a speedy recovery. A big burly Kaffir wanted medicine for a foot—not his own. He had not the remotest idea what was the matter, and thought us very ignorant for inquiring. 'Have you not medicine for feet?' he asked. His opinion of the British nation in general, and of missionaries in particular, was much lowered by finding that we had not."

2. From another English periodical.

"The Mayo Hospital, at Lahore, has just passed into the hands of four sisters from Guy's Hospital, who had only recently arrived, and who were in that initial state of despair that overtakes the English nurse when she is first confronted by Indian hospitals and nursing methods. The superintendent could not understand that a figure huddled on a bedstead under a red blanket was being treated and nursed effectively. It is no good approaching an Indian hospital from the English point of view—such a standard is deceptive; it does not accord with the native's manner of living or his physique; he would not thrive in such surroundings. His wants are very few, his manner of living most simple, and sickness makes him like a child in his restlessness and irritability. It is difficult to make him clean in his habits, regular in taking medicine, or food, or rest, and difficult to win his confidence, and all this counts for much more than a smooth bed or a neatly-clothed patient. It is only by falling in with his ways, as far as possible, and understanding his standpoint, that the trained nurse will accomplish her task."

3. From *The Interior*. An extract from a letter from Mrs. Brinton, who is working in the Philippines.

"No nurses when I came, twenty-two patients, the cook in jail. I spent all my time hunting interpreters, was really desperate. There was a little girl, Filipa, whose mother was a patient. I liked the manner in which she waited upon her mother and other patients in the ward. I persuaded her mother to let her learn to nurse, which she finally did conditionally, that I teach her to read and write. She had no education, could not even count or read in Visayan. Now she can count anything up to 150, takes temperatures and counts pulses. She is quick and thorough, a fine little surgical nurse. I have never had an American nurse take to surgery as she does. At the same time I took one of the lavinderos, Basilica, and also her younger sister, Dorotea. I taught Basilica how to wait on the American patient, set trays, clean the room, take her nourishment to her and give her medicine. Baths, etc., I gave Dorotea, and took Filipa into the dressing room. I immediately began to teach them the English names of everything we used. I did all the dressings for a month, making them wait upon me, then had Filipa do the dressings and Dorotea wait on her, watching to see that they did right. It is surprising how rapidly they are learning English. I can send Filipa to the operating room for anything that we use there. I ask in English for any instrument or dressing that I want. She has been making all the solutions, dressings and bandages, for the last three weeks, even the gauze bandages. I have them draw threads and cut them evenly. I have tried to make them take afternoons off, but they will not go, so I send them out for a drive occasionally, and let Filipa's mother chaperone them. They work hard in the mornings, but the afternoons are easy, and I want them to take siestas, but they prefer to make bandages or study. To-day we worked hard all day getting ready for two major operations to-morrow. The nurses are delighted with the prospect of an operation, they have taken their baths, washed their hair and gotten themselves as clean as soap and water can get them. I have them in uniform and they are as pretty as pictures. The dress is red calico, full gored skirts, baby waists, low necked and with full sleeves gathered to a band just above the elbow. During the typhoon two weeks ago I had to put all the male help in the waiting room to sleep, the porches and halls were flooded. It was practically working outdoors; we were wet the whole week. One night a blast of wind took eight panes of glass out of the front doors. I have lost twenty-seven pounds in seven weeks since I came here. August, September and part of October I never got a minute from five A.M. until ten and eleven P.M., and there were ten days in that time I worked twenty and twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. We had two very ill patients and the hospital

filled. I could not get a soul to help me only the three nurses. They proved their worth then and I will always like them for it. From five A.M. until eleven P.M. they worked without one minute off. I would send them in the afternoon for rest, but when they saw me working they would come down and help and would not be sent off. I have eight nurses now; the four oldest are fine, two are fine obstetrical nurses and two surgical. Filipa is good wherever you put her. They are learning English fast and are so interested in their work and willing to do anything I ask them to."

[It has been suggested by a nurse in the mission field in China that the JOURNAL should be used as a place for the interchange of ideas by those engaged in such work. We think this is an excellent idea, that letters from missionary nurses, addressed especially to workers in other stations, could be published in this department and would be exceedingly interesting and valuable not only to missionary workers but to all of our readers.

Doctor Robert Beebe, of the Methodist Hospital, Nanking, China, is looking for a nurse. He sees about twenty thousand patients a year, his hospital is well equipped, and this is a wonderful opportunity for a woman in one of the most interesting places in China. Mrs. Hall, a nurse who has been with Dr. Beebe, is now home on furlough; she expects to return in one year and the staff will then consist of one doctor and two nurses. Inquiry of Dr. H. K. Carroll, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, would bring information as to requirements, etc.—Ed.]



NEW METHODS OF CARING FOR TUBERCULOSIS PATIENTS

SHACKS, old barns, tents, worn out street cars, and now old ferry boats have all been pressed into use as shelters for tuberculosis patients. Moored to a large dock at the foot of West 16th Street, New York, lies an old ferry boat which formerly plied between Staten Island and the city, now placed at the disposal of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis for a "Day Camp." From fifty to a hundred patients spend the entire day there resting in steamer chairs or hammocks. Games and books are provided and a generous lunch furnished at noon, with milk at intervals during the day. Physicians from various dispensaries make daily visits, and the work is in charge of Miss Smith, a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital.